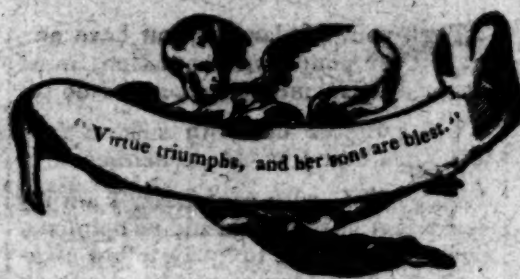


WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

## LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,  
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.]

SATURDAY, February 4, 1804.

[No. 68]

THE

## VILLAGE GOSSIP,

*Or, Memoirs of a Country Lady.*

IN A SERIES OF NUMBERS.

*(Continued from page 114.)*

LEONARD laughed, but seemed mortified; and Mrs. Stichwell, who accidentally heard me, rising from her seat, and approaching Somerton, said—

Ay, pray, do, Sir, for the poor thing seems quite mumpy, sitting still there, while all the other young folks is a jumping and skipping about. She is the best of all my girls, for her parents pays extravagantly, and insists on her having every indulgence.

I really looked at her with astonishment, and for a moment doubted whether she was not mimicking some one in the room; however, I heard no one speak in that manner except herself, and I soon found by her subsequent discourse that she was both ill-bred and illiterate. Somerton, to hide his inclination for laughter, bowed, and led the willing fair one to the gay group; and Mrs. Stichwell joined the card-party she had left to urge Leonard's accept-

ance of her pupil. Mrs. Mournwell, who sat next to me, observed my astonishment, and addressed me in a manner so very different from that of the governess, that it attracted my immediate attention by the contrast.

You appear to be unacquainted with the lady who last addressed you, Madam?

I am a stranger to her, it is true, I replied. You have, probably, the pleasure of knowing her better, being a longer resident in this village.

Mrs. Mournwell smiled. No, I assure you her acquaintance could afford me little pleasure or profit: she undertakes the important task of educating youth; how well she is qualified, you have had a specimen already.

I should suppose, then, returned I, that her success does not equal her expectations.

Oh! you are strongly mistaken, returned my intelligent neighbor; she has fifteen boarders: the young lady you see with her is a favorite; she is an opulent citizen's only child, who, determining to give his girl a genteel education, sent her to Mrs. Stichwell's seminary, where, by advertisement, they were acquainted she would be taught English, and French, grammatically; music, drawing, dancing, and a long

catalogue of accomplishments, in all of which Miss is expected to excel; and her parents, like many others, sent their child to learn those things, without once examining whether the teachers were properly qualified. For my part, I think schools should only be suffered by license, and the governors and teachers withheld from practising till they had been regularly examined by the established professors of what they presume to teach: such a regulation would be of infinite service to the public, as every parent is not competent to judge of a teacher's abilities.

Mrs. Mournwell would have continued her discourse much longer, but that Somerton advanced towards us, looking very ill: he apologized to his partner for declining to dance any more, and took his seat beside me. Maria, whose eyes were cast the way we were, instantly quitted the dance, and with extreme solicitude offered every thing she thought could give him relief. Stanley, instead of approaching with equal concern, seated himself at the further end of the room, and seemed lost in thought. I now, for the first time in my life, felt vexed at the humanity and sensibility of Maria; for I perceived that Stanley was jealous, and intimated it, as well as I could, to Maria: she colored, seemed disconcerted, and hurt; but, laughing it off, cried—Oh! if he is so silly, I must teach him better.—This passed in a whisper; but Somerton seemed to



comprehend our meaning by our looks, and, rising, declared himself much better: he then walked to Stanley, who received him rather coldly; and Maria, to punish him, declined dancing the remainder of the evening: I own I thought it just, for the encouragement of such whimsies must make them both uncomfortable.

The evening was uncommonly serene, and I threw open a window to enjoy the breeze that came from the river: when the dance was ended, Somerton took up a flute, and played a beautiful plaintive air in a most exquisite manner: every one was charmed; and Maria, with the most ingenuous innocence, declared the delight it gave her. I heard a deep sigh near me, and was at a loss to guess from whom it proceeded; when, leaning a little forwarder out of the window, I perceived a figure in white glide through the walk, and rest at the foot of a shadowy pine. I took no notice to the rest, but my curiosity was roused, and I resolved, as soon as I could escape, to discover the object. I soon found an opportunity of getting into the garden, and observed that my pursuit alarmed the solitary wanderer: her dress catching by a bush impeded her flight, and seemed to augment her terror, for she sunk motionless upon the ground. I ran to her assistance, and, begging her not to be terrified, made myself known to her, and soon, by the light of the moon, recognised the features of the mysterious cottager. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered from her fright to converse, I enquired why she was not among the festive party:—she burst into tears.

Oh! Madam, I am the outcast of society—a miserable degraded wretch! However, believe me, a woman who has once deviated from virtuous conduct knows more justly the value of it, and might with tenderness be reclaimed; while ignominy, reproach, and desertion, render the heart callous to the finer feelings, and careless of the moral duties. In this village I am generally shunned, for I have not art enough to conceal my misfortunes, nor wealth enough to palliate my errors in the eyes of the world.

Every word she spoke sunk deep in my ear, and from thence to my heart. She continued:—

Even you, Madam, if you have any regard for your own reputation, must either despise me, or appear to do so.

I interrupted her with sincere protestations that I would do neither.

No, said I, with eagerness, I am independent of the world and its opinions, nor will I conspire to hurt a fellow-creature into the abyss of grief and misery by confounding misfortune with guilt: those who have not candor enough to approve my conduct I will gladly relinquish; and those who have will assist me in restoring you to that rank in life from which you seem so undeservedly driven. What your errors have been I know not, but I am already prepared to give them the most favorable allowance: fear not, then, to find in me a severe judge or an inquisitive scrutinizer.

You encourage me so kindly, Madam, she returned, that I can no longer withhold the confidence you seem to exact; but the music attracted my roving steps this way. My child may be awake, and her terror at my absence will be excessive. To-morrow, if you will honor me with a call, I will trouble you with all my sorrows: do not press me now.

I waved my hand, for her voice and grateful manner affected me. She quitted the garden, and I returned to the rooms.

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NO. VI.

WHEN I returned to the room, I found the company had given over dancing, and the principal part of them laying their heads together, in important debate, concerning young Stanley's future destination; as usual, opinions were various; the intricacies of the law were by some objected against as apt to inculcate notions of intrigue. Stanley positively rejected the study of physic as repugnant to his feelings; Dr. Cerate condemned the practice merely as being extremely fatiguing; but Edward protested he thought of it in a more serious light, as he could never reconcile himself to the idea of having the life of a fellow-creature in his hands, exclusive of the horror attendant on surgical operations, which he was certain he could never bring himself to consider as a mere mechanical process. Dr. Cerate ridiculed these notions as

effeminate and absurd, and a glance from the bright eyes of Clara upon the young lieutenant's sword directed the conversation into another channel: the fatigues of a campaign were enumerated by Mr. Stanley, the glory of victory by Woolcomb, and the pleasures met with in country quarters by the ladies, who unanimously admired a military man.

But, surely, Madam, said Woolcomb, addressing himself to Maria, you would not recommend the army to my young friend, unless you design to condemn him to a life of celibacy?

Why so? demanded she, coloring.

Ah! replied he, you little think of the inconveniences to which a soldier's wife must be exposed, to have her husband, perhaps, torn from her arms within a fortnight after their union; or, if there be a practicability of her following him, to be exposed to the dangers of the elements of various climates, to insults, perhaps suspicions, from which her husband can scarcely defend her: a camp life must certainly be disgusting to a woman of delicacy, nor would the temporary presence of the man she loves entirely compensate for the inconveniences they must both suffer. Oh! never wish to marry a soldier.

Maria laughed. And do you never intend to marry?

I do not say so; but I would wish the lady who honors me with her approbation to select me for the sake of myself, not my profession.

Maria understood the insinuation, and was silent; at the same time I perceived Mrs. Mournwell lost in thought, and sighing deeply: after a long consultation and many exordiums from Dr. Pompous, Edward declared his inclinations led him to prefer theological studies; and the proposition meeting with general approbation, it was agreed upon that he should be sent very shortly to Cambridge.

And will you be content, Maria, said he in a low voice, gently pressing her hand, to become a mere parson's wife? for only on that condition do I make the agreement.

I saw Maria was embarrassed, and, to relieve her, desired that no conditions nor agreements should be made so publicly: which being generally understood, the debating party soon dispersed.

(To be continued)



## Selected Biography

JEANNE-MARIE PHILIPON  
ROLAND.

**A**MONG the most barbarous and unjust acts of the late revolutionary Government of France, may be reckoned the condemnation and execution of the lady whose memoirs we offer in our present number.

Madame Roland, born at Paris in the year 1756, was indebted to Nature for the most happy dispositions; and so well had she cultivated her talents, that at the early age of eighteen, she had written some very profound reflections on the most abstruse subjects.

At what age she became the wife of M. Roland we do not learn; but she had never ceased her literary labors. Speaking, in one part of her works, of the writings that she composed when a girl, she says,—I have a pretty large packet of my works, written previous to my marriage, piled up in a dusty corner of my library, or, perhaps, in a garret: never had I the slightest intention of one day becoming an author. I perceived, very early in life, that a woman who gained this title lost a great deal more than she acquired. The men do not love her: and her own sex criticise her: If her works be bad, she is ridiculed, and not without reason; if good her title to them is disputed.

During the time of her husband's being Minister of the Interior, she was the author of many of the public papers signed by him, and which for just composition, brilliancy of language, and patriotic sentiment, are, perhaps, unrivalled. To the enthusiasm of a spirited reformist she added a degree of firmness that gave weight to her decisions, and made her company be sought after by all the *Moderes* of Paris. Whenever Roland gave a political dinner, this lady always presided. She had at one time indeed, her regular levees of statesmen, and was consulted as if she were Prime Minister.

Courteous in her demeanor, and easy in her manners, though her sound judgment and good sense awed her inferiors into respectful silence, yet she had those means of conciliation in her power which never failed to render her mistress of the principles and the views of those by whom she was consulted.

At length, Roland, having attached himself to the weakest party, became the object of jealousy and hatred; those who, in his prosperity, had courted him, and been deeply indebted to his favor, when his power was at an end, shamefully abandoned him; and he and his wife were soon after included in one proscription. Her few remaining friends having heard that wicked men were lurking about the house, probably with the view of privately taking her life, declared her flight to be indispensable, and that it was necessary she should leave her house in other clothes than her own. The dress of a country girl was brought her to put on: but, some alteration being proposed in the cap, her natural fortitude revived, she indignantly threw it away with the rest of the dress and said, I am ashamed of the part that I am made to act: I will neither disguise myself, nor go out of the way. If I am to be assassinated, it shall be in my own house: I owe to my country this example of firmness, and I will give it.

Finding it necessary to place her daughter out of the reach of danger, she wrote to a Madame Mignot, who had undertaken her education, to send her to the family estate in the country, to wait for more happy days; to cultivate her moral faculties, and prepare her to meet reverses without fearing them, as well as to enjoy prosperity without being ambitious of it; according to the example of her parents, who have lived without reproach, and will die without terror.

Roland sought in flight security from his enemies; but his wife refused to go thinking that, by staying and becoming herself the victim, she might turn aside the fury from her husband. On the 1st of June 1793, she was thrown into the dungeon of the Abbey, and afterwards removed to the prison of St. Pelagie.

During her imprisonment she composed some admirable Memoirs relative to the Events of the Revolution and to Herself. A few days before she was dragged to the scaffold, she said, If Fate had allowed me to live, I believe I should have been ambitious of only one thing, and that would have been to write the Annals of the present Age, and to become the Macaulay of my country: I have, in my confinement, conceived a real fondness for Tacitus, and cannot

go to sleep till I have read a passage of his work. It seems to me that we see things in the same light; and that, in time, and with a subject equally rich, it would not have been impossible for me to imitate his style.

Let any person read attentively the works of her's which have been published, and they will be convinced that no one could so justly aspire to be the Tacitus of her age as Madame Roland. She had every thing at her disposal; profound knowledge of the times and of men, fecundity of expression, grace and vigor of style, correctness of understanding, strength of character, and the love of virtue; with advantages so rich, who could more worthily hold the pencil of history! Vain hopes!—vain regrets! Early in November, after an imprisonment of five months, Madame Roland was led to execution without a murmur, and received death by the guillotine with a truly heroic firmness and serenity; exclaiming, as she bowed before the statue of Liberty, O Liberty what crimes are committed in thy name!

On the 16th of the same month her husband privately left Paris, seated himself against a tree in an avenue about four leagues from Rouen, drew a sword from his walking-cane, plunged it into his breast, and died without the least change of his position.

## ON DIVORCES.

*From Millot's Ancient History.*

**T**HOUGH it is taken notice of by very few writers, yet to population, which was the effect of sound morals and a sacred regard for marriage, Rome chiefly owed her prosperity. Not long after the first Punic war, [about 250 years before Christ] the Censors finding the number of citizens greatly diminished, exacted an oath from all that were not married, that they would enter into that state, and only with a view of raising subjects to the republic. However that time furnished the first instance of a divorce, though permitted by their earliest laws. Carvilius, who loved his wife, repudiated her because of sterility: but in proportion as the manners of the people became more corrupted, divorces were more frequent. It was then that contracts of marriage



were introduced, that women might have their fortunes secured in case of separation.

It is very extraordinary, that though we find a number of vestals suffering for having violated their vows of virginity in every age, yet in the whole space of five hundred years, notwithstanding the indulgence of the laws, we hear not of a single instance of a divorce: which on the one hand must have been owing to the very dangerous temptations to which the vestals were exposed; while on the other the conjugal union was confirmed by sound morals.

### ON MAN MILLENERS, &c.

*Addressed to the Editor of a London periodical work.*

I AM much surprised to see a number of my fair country-women submitting so tamely to the many scandalous infringements that have been made, within these few years, on their occupations and employments, by a set of ignorant, insignificant coxcombs, who have the audacity to call themselves men. For my part, I cannot conceive they are at all entitled to rank with the sex. To such an extent, sir, has this invasion on the Women's birth-rights become the fashion of the day, that there is scarcely a single department in life, which should alone be filled by the fair sex, but we are almost certain to see some proud *jackanapes* thrusting in his nose, and superseding them. But the greatest evil, Mr. Editor, of this sort, and of which I would most complain, is finding these *chaps* placed behind the counters in *milliners'* and *haberdashers'* shops. Nay, so far do these *violators* persist in trespassing on the natural prerogatives of the women, that I myself know a fellow, (but whose name I shall forbear to mention) who without the least hesitation, actually takes measure for gowns, stays, and other wearing apparel, of many of our tip-top ladies of rank and fashion. This sir, I think you will say, is, indeed, past all bearance. Is it not a natural question enough then to ask, "Why ladies permit the gross absurdity of such a disgraceful practice, so detrimental to numbers of their own sex?"—I'll tell you, sir, what it is, and what I think you will say is worse than all:

These very ladies, to whom our injured fair-ones should look for protection, are the sole establishers and encouragers of this vile usurpation; for I understand they do not scruple even to declare their utter abhorrence of being waited upon by any but the *male part of the creation*. If they really do persist in this opinion, there is an end at once of hoping the evil will ever be removed; at least by any fair persuasions.

I am confident, Mr. Editor, that it must appear as strange to you, as it does to me, that ladies, who have received the least refinement in manners and education, can possibly make this horrid and disgraceful preference! How ridiculous and disgusting, one would think, it must be to the ears of a sensible woman, to have a starched-up ignorant fellow recommending a Cap, a Bonnet, or a pair of Stays! descanting freely on the fashions of the day, with "*These here laces, madam, are weary much vore in all the fashionable circles.—Them there ribbons in the window there, we have sold a prodigious quantity of.—Nothing can accede the elegance of those worked Veils; they are, indeed, accessively beautiful. If I could advise you, Madam, I would have you purchase one of these here Shawls; they come very cheap, and will be found uncommonly comfortable!*"—And again, how shocking to think of having their gowns, &c. fitted and tried on by the Males! It is, indeed, almost impossible to suppose such a disgraceful custom should exist. Did the evil of this practice, however, terminate in the shame only of the supporters and practisers of it, it would hardly be deemed a matter worthy of consideration. But only conceive, sir, what numbers of young women, who, perhaps, have received a pretty good education, and the daughters too of respectable tradesmen, that are, by these infringements, obliged to accept of some menial station, or continue a heavy burthen to their parents!

When I reflect on this, and consider the difficulty, also, that young girls find in general, in procuring comfortable situations and employments, and a little like that to which they have been bro't up, I cannot help thinking, that it is indeed, no wonder, we daily see so many distressed females walking our streets: For, as the proverb says, "*Poverty is no friend to honesty,*" so I conceive it—*No safeguard to virtue.*

What I would now wish to offer, is a remedy (if possible) for these unmanly infringements. Suppose a heavy tax could be imposed upon the *Violators* of the Women's rights, and a still heavier on the employers of them? Or, would it be better to trust to the candor and liberality of our ladies of rank and fashion, by presenting to them a petition, signed by a number of suffering females of honesty and respectability; stating the grievance and disadvantages under which they labor, praying them to discontinue the countenancing a custom so injurious to many of their own sex? Or, perhaps, some of your correspondents may hit upon a more eligible plan, that might tend to remove a calamity of so alarming a nature; for which purpose, I trust you will publish this letter in your very amusing Miscellany.

I am, sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

HORATIO.

### ON MELANCHOLY.

*From the French of Madame Roland.*

FRIEND as I am to this charming passion, I will at present defend it from the reproaches with which it is incessantly loaded. Too prompt to decide, we frequently blame what we do not know; and indeed it commonly happens that we do so improperly. This observation may be particularly applied to the opinions formed of Melancholy, by the partizans of course mirth, and of what is termed good humor: they confound it with spleen, and erroneously give this name to those vaporous and hypochondriac affections which are commonly a defect of constitution; or to those fatiguing sensations of satiety and inanition which we experience after having given way to an excess of joy and dissipation; for such is the inconvenience of extremes, that they almost always lead to opposites. It is an abuse of terms to employ the same denomination for things absolutely different.

The sweet melancholy which I defend is never sad; it is only a modification of pleasure, from which it borrows all its charms. Like those gilded clouds embellished by a setting sun, the light vapors of Melancholy intercept the



rays of pleasure, and present them under a new and agreeable aspect. It is a delicious balm for the wounds of the heart; it is a salutary allay to the vivacity of joy; attempered by it, that passion is rendered more impressive and more lasting.

It is less easy to define it than to portray its effects: it consists in a certain delicacy of sentiment, a certain turn of imagination, which are to be felt but not expressed.

It is that disposition of a feeling heart which makes it avoid those amusements where noisy laughter is only the mask of *ennui*, and induces it to search for pleasures more suitable to its taste, and better calculated to gratify it: such is the disposition which moves it, when, on the view of a rich and fertile country it experiences a gentle rapture; such the disposition through which it delights in a gloomy and peaceful wood, absorbed in a tender reverie. It gives a certain tint of something great and striking to a wild prospect, to a lonesome forest, which renders the sight of them more interesting than that of a meadow enamelled with flowers, or of a garden laid out in all the overstrained elegance of art. Modest like Nature, it simplifies taste, enlarges feeling, or at least gives it more force, by fixing it on truth.

It is Melancholy that causes those delightful tears to flow, and produces that melting disposition of the heart which is felt in the enjoyment of a pure pleasure, in the possession of a sweet and certain joy. It is also that generous emotion of a wounded mind, which in the very bosom of disgrace dares seek for peace. But in whatever situation it shows itself, it always implies a somewhat philosophic mind, which hates the great world, where it sees nothing but pretty trifles and dazzling baubles; and a delicate and tender heart, which seeks or possesses the treasures of sentiment, and on them alone gets a value.

This is what obtains the epithet of melancholy, and singular for persons who, affected by natural beauty, prefer to a brilliant ball, or a tumultuous society, a rural walk in the morning on the hills, there to admire Nature, washed with refreshing dew, rising from the arms of sleep; in the afternoon, in the shade of the woods, reclining at the foot of a beech: in the evening, in the mea-

dows on the banks of a rivulet, without any other company than their own reflections, and a single female friend, a second self.

It does not appear to me that this innocent passion of tender hearts, resembles those odious portraits which are sometimes drawn of it; true it is, that those who represent it in such gloomy colors, know it not; they are therefore more to be pitied than blamed.

I have yet seen but three lustres and a half, and I cannot say what change time may make in me: but since adolescence, in opening to me gates of life introduced me into the empire of feeling, the most delightful moments that I have passed, are owing to this charming passion.

Amiable and sweet Melancholy, my faithful companion, never wholly abandoned me! To thee am I indebted for my pleasures. I know all thy charms: the veil with which thou concealest thy allurements, occasions them to be unheeded by the vulgar; thou reservest them for thy favorites; may I be always of that number! The enjoyments which thou dispensest to them, cause no cares, engender no remorse. If sometimes thou absentest thyself a little, let it be in those moments alone, when, assembled round our fire in the depth of winter, the mind, stimulated by the playful children of mirth, fills up the interval of thy delights with a few friends; but return, return quickly, to charm our solitude, and enrapture our hearts.

#### APHORISMS.

A tempest is the school of pilots; adversity is the school of brave men.

An amorous old man has been compared to Mount *Ætna*, the summit is covered with snow, and the inside is full of flame.

The more loaded a tree is with fruit, the more it bends; so, where there is most humility, there is most virtue.

Those who have more admiration for fools than for men of sense, by the same rule, we may suppose, would admire the sun most when in eclipse.

We cannot see clearly objects which are either very near, or very far off us; thus, we neither know ourselves, nor our common acquaintances.

#### ANECDOTES

THE captain of a vessel lying in the river, wishing to give his crew a treat, on a rejoicing day, left two of the sons of St. Patrick to take care of the ship, and told them they might have a double allowance of grog; but cautioned them against firing a gun, except there was reason to apprehend some great danger. This they faithfully promised; but, after enjoying a hearty dinner, their heads became heated with the fumes of their liquor, and one of them proposed having a shoot to themselves; which the other objected to, as it would make such a devil of a noise. This occasioned a short pause; but, fertile in invention, the most sagacious said he could prevent that, and immediately placed the iron pot, used for cooking, on the mouth of the gun, and seated himself across it, and held the pot by the ears to prevent its flying off. Being asked by his messmate if he was ready, he answered in the affirmative but requested him to shoot easy. The report was heard by the captain and crew, who hastened on board, and enquired the reason of the alarm. Murphy and I (answered Pat) had a mind to have a bit of a shoot to ourselves. —Where is Murphy? said the captain. —Where is Murphy? replied the Irishman, smiling, and scratching his head, didn't you meet him now? faith he's just gone ashore in the iron pot.

The late Dr. Franklin used to observe, that, of all the amusements which the ingenuity of man had ever devised for the purpose of recreation, none required the exercise of most patient attention so much as *angling*; a remark which he frequently illustrated by the following story:

"About six o'clock on a fine morning in the summer," said the doctor, "I set out from Philadelphia on a visit to a friend at the distance of fifteen miles, and passing a brook where a gentleman was angling, I enquired if he had caught any thing." "No, sir," said he, "I have not been here long; only two hours." "I wished him a good morning, and pursued my journey. On my return in the evening, I found him fixed to the identical spot where I had left him, and again enquired if he had any sport?" "Very good, sir,"—"Caught a great many fish?"—"None at all."—"Had a great many bites, though, I suppose?"—"Not one, but I had a most glorious nibble!"



## The Visitor.

SATURDAY, February 4, 1804.

During the late epidemic, the publication of the *Visitor* was of necessity suspended for ten weeks: by this we were prevented from publishing a whole volume in a year, which ended on the 1st of October last. In order to remedy this, we purpose issuing two or more numbers per week until the deficiency is made up. This measure being recommended by many of our friends, we have reason to expect a general concurrence.

Such as wish to replace their soil'd or lost numbers, may be supplied at our office, at 4 cents each.

\* \* Country subscribers will please to take notice, our terms are, pay in advance.

### LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the deaths of 31 persons during the week ending on Saturday, the 28th ult.

Of fits 4—nervous fever 1—decay 1—dropsy 1—childbed 1—hives 3—dropsy in the head 1—consumption 10—fever 1—cancer 1—old age 1—and 6 of disorders not mentioned.

Of the above 16 were adults and 15 children.

### INTERESTING TO HUMANITY.

A bill is before the Senate of Pennsylvania for the total abolition of slavery in that state.

Also, a bill before the Senate of the U. States, to prevent the importation of Slaves into Louisiana.

### A CURIOUS FACT.

During the last summer, four sisters who had been separated from each other forty years ago, and who had not once seen each other during the whole of that period, accidentally met in Philadelphia. Their respective ages were, 88—80—75—68. They are all, at this time, living, and in the enjoyment of health. All of them can read without spectacles, and each of them has a numerous offspring.

### THEATRICAL REGISTER.

FRIDAY, JAN. 27.

*Tournament*, (from the German by Maria Starke) and *Raymond and Agnes*.

This very splendid piece which we have before had occasion to mention was played to empty benches.

MONDAY, JANUARY 30.

*Marriage Promise*, (Allingham) and *Wags of Windsor*, (Colman, the younger)

Mr. Harwood's *Caleb Quatem* will be better when he is more at ease in the part; but he must not omit the song. We think Mr. Hogg can make more of *John Lump* another time. Mrs. Hallam was very excellent as well as very lovely in the *wet Quaker*.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 1.

*Chains of the Heart*, (Prince Hoare) and *Bonaparte in England*, (Dunlap)

This is one of those superb spectacles which had never been brought before an American audience until within a few years past. *Chains of the Heart* is without exception the most brilliant display of scenery and decoration we have ever witnessed, and from the very great care with which it is got up, and the exemplary attention of the performers, the exhibition had none of the defects of a first performance.

The piece was thus cast:

#### MOORS.

*Ala Bensalla*, King of Ceuta, Mr. Fennell—*Azam*, Grand Slave Master, Mr. Johnson—*Taruda*, Scid, (Slave Merchants) Mr. Hogg, and Mr. Harper—*Tucapel*, Chief of the Guard, Mr. Shapler—*Merchants*, Messrs. Seymour, &c.—*Officers*, Messrs. Sanderson, &c.—*Gomel*, Master Stockwell—*Hassan* Mr. Macdonald—*Zulema*, Miss Hogg—*Zara*, Mrs. Darby—*Fatima*, a Moorish Child about 10 years of age (by a young Lady of this city, being her first appearance on any Stage.) *Dancers*, *Slaves*, &c. Miss Patison, &c.

#### EUROPEANS.

*Prince Henry of Portugal*, Mr. Claude.—*Villafior*, a noble Portuguese, Mr. Hal-

lam—*Menezes*, Count of Alveira, Mr. Hallam, jun.—*Don Manuel*, Mr. Serson—*Ricardo*, Son to Villafior, under the name of *Osmín*, Mr. Martin—*Cotillon*, formerly a Dancing Master now a Soldier, Mr. Harwood—*O'Phelim*, Cook to a Regiment, Mr. Tyler—*Juan*, a Boy of 7 years of age, Mast. Martin—*Christian Slaves*, Messrs. Robinson, &c.—*Gulnare*, Mrs. Johnson—*Silvia*, Mrs. Seymour—*Portuguese and Moorish Officers and Soldiers*, *Mutes*, *Slaves*, *Priests*, &c.

On the drawing up of the curtain, we find Villafior oppressed with fatigue from the performance of his daily task, supported by Gulnare, his adopted daughter. Ricardo, his son, who is disguised as a Moor, under the name of Osmín, soon after enters, and we learn that Bensalla, king of Ceuta, whose captain the noble Villafior is, prepares to oppose the descent of the Portuguese, who, under the command of Prince Henry, are off the coast. Osmín being left alone, we learn his determination of selling himself to procure the ransom of his father.

The second scene shows us the tents of the Slave Merchants illuminated, and at a distance the Castle of Bensalla on a promontory with the moon beams reflected in the Sea. Gulnare having likewise determined by selling herself to relieve the aged Villafior, comes to the Fair of Slaves, and notwithstanding the remonstrances of Osmín, who is enamored with her, persists in her design. Azam, the grand slave-master, enters, borne by mutes, and purchases Cotillon and O'Phelim, two soldiers who had straggled from a party of the Portuguese and been captured. Gulnare is offered to him, but the price staggers him, and after a whimsical scene, he goes off. The approach of Bensalla is announced. The march of his army commences from his castle, and after many turnings among the fortifications of the rock, he enters among the tents. He admires, and purchases Gulnare. The splendor of this scene, and the beauty of the perspective, go beyond any exhibition the American stage has witnessed.

In Act 2, we find the Portuguese in their camp, and Don Manuel obtains permission of Prince Henry to enter Ceuta in the habit of a Moor. The second scene is Azam's garden, where Cotillon, O'Phelim, and other slaves are



at work, but all labor is suspended at the approach of the favorite Zulema, who, under a decorated canopy borne by mutes, and surrounded by girls, while dancers precede her, enters to the sound of music, and joins in a glee with her favorite girls. Cotillon becomes an object of attention with her, and ordering the rest to retire, she enters into conversation with him, and forms the resolution of running away from Azam. O'Phelim is in the meantime a favorite with the female slaves, who make him presents. Don Manuel having entered the town, finds Villafior and communicates the intelligence of the approach of relief. In Gulnare he finds a sister, but not before she has become the slave of Bensalla. The last scene of the act passes in the garden of Azam, where Cotillon and Zulema being on the point of elopement, are interrupted by Azam, and Cotillon escapes by aid of the darkness.

The third act is a very busy one, being occupied by the attack or surprize of Ceuta. Bensalla finding that Gulnare is attached to Osmín, generously determines to restore her to him. Osmín finds means of admitting Don Manuel into the town with a part of the Portuguese army. The slaves mutiny, and headed by Cotillon seize Azam and effect their escape. As Cotillon is passing the ramparts, he is stopped by Zulema, who is on the top, and after a scene of novelty and humor, she by means of an engine on the top lets herself down, and flies with Cotillon. Bensalla finding himself surprised, surrenders, and Osmín being undeceived as to Bensalla's intentions respecting Gulnare, becomes his protector and procures him terms with the prince. All parties appear satisfied in the last scene, except old Azam, and the piece concludes with a grand Chorus.

This hasty sketch may be expected to be imperfect from its being the result of observations on a first night. The Music is delightful. The Scenery and decorations superb; and we doubt not but the Manager will be amply rewarded for his efforts to render the Theatre as alluring by splendid exhibitions as it is by the merit of its performers.

We shall remark on the merit of the performers next week.



### Married,

On Wednesday evening last week, Mr. John Elting, of Esopus, to Miss Ann Schuyler, of this city.

On Wednesday evening last Mr. J. Lyons, of Philadelphia, Merchant, to Miss Mary Levy, daughter of Mr. A. S. Levy of this city.

On Monday last, Mr. James Allaire, of this city, to Miss Frances Duncan, of Mamaroneck.

On Thursday morning, Mr. Benjamin Page, Merchant, to Miss Harding, both of this city.

At Shrewsbury New-Jersey on Thursday the 26th ult. Mr. Abraham Lines, of this city, merchant, to Miss Ametia Lihencott, of the former place.

At Newtown, (L.I.) on Sunday the 22d ult. Mr. Thomas Betts, to Miss Margaret Waters.

At Philadelphia, Jan. 30, Mr. William B. Wood, to Miss Julia Westray, both of the Philadelphia Theatre.

On the 26th ult. Mr. John Lauder, of Philadelphia, to Mrs. Hannah Foster, of Barnsborough, Gloucester county, New Jersey.

Lately in N. Hampshire, Mr. Long fellow to Miss Elizabeth Short.—There are some good matches, some bad matches, and even some happy matches; but this may be said to be no match at all.



### Died,

On Sunday last, Mrs. Lydia Hertiz, daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Hallett.

G. B's Acrostic we think too inferior in point of composition, besides paying but an ill compliment to the lady.

We regret that our unknown friend, R. H. of Newark, did not accompany his Rebus with a solution, it not being our practice to publish Enigmas, Charades, Rebusses, &c. unexplained to us.

Several other things are under consideration.

### JAMES THORBURN,

No. 26, Maiden-Lane, corner of Green-Street.

Returns his thanks to his friends and the public, for the liberal encouragement he has received, and hopes to merit a continuance of their favors.

He has received per the ships Juno and Diligence, from Amsterdam, a large assortment of FANCY BASKETS, &c. viz.

Clothes baskets of different sizes—Handsome Toilet baskets—Wine-glass baskets, round and oval—Large and small Trunk baskets—Handsome Market do.—Ladies fine knitting do. of different sizes—handsome Children's do. different patterns—handsome Bread do.—do. Counter do.—do. Tumbler do. different sizes—do. Knife do. &c. &c.

East India, Dunstable, and Holland Table Matts.

Together with a large assortment of Tubs, Pails, Coolers, &c. also common Baskets, different kinds.

### E. WOOFFENDALE,

MILLENER AND MANTAU-MAKER,

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Has received a handsome assortment of Millinery from London; she has also on hand a quantity of fashionable split straw Bonnets, several boxes of beautiful Flowers to dispose of, either by wholesale or retail.

### FANCY CHAIRS,

Made as usual, in the neatest stile of elegance, by FRANCIS TILLOU, No. 22, Stone-street.

### Theatre.

On Monday evening, February 6,

WILL BE PRESENTED,

A Grand Drama, in 3 Acts, called,  
**Chains of the Heart,**

Or, The Slave by Choice.

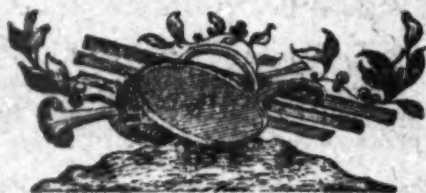
With new Scenery, Machinery, Decorations, and Dresses, forming the most brilliant, as it is the most expensive, spectacle ever exhibited in New-York.

To which will be added,

A Farce, in 2 Acts, called,

**MRS. WIGGINS.**





## TOOTH ACHE.

TO have it out or not? that is the question;  
Whether it is easier for a man to suffer  
The throbs and shootings of a raging tooth,  
Or take up courage to sit down at once,  
And by extraction end them—a touch no more,  
And with a single shock to feel we end  
The tedious arches and head distracting pangs  
That we are subject to: 'tis a relief  
Most wisely to be used; perchance wrench out  
A sound deep-rooted fang: aye, there's the risque,  
For, from a bungler's hands what mischief follows  
When once the horrid instrument is fix'd,  
Allows no pause; there's the respect  
That makes our patience of so long endurance:  
For who would ever be applying tinctures,  
Specific opiates, poppy, mandragora,  
Magnets, metallic tractors, anodynes,  
The pois'nous drugs of mountebanks, or charms,  
That fond credulity so often takes;  
When he himself might his quietus get  
For a bare two-pence in a barber's shop!  
Who'd sweat and groan whole sleepless nights in pain,  
But that the thoughts of torture, worse than all,  
A broken jaw! (which any mortal suffering  
Would straight fall frantic) harrows up the mind,  
And makes us rather bear our present torments,  
Than fly to others, that we never felt;  
Irresolution thus doth make men cowards;  
And heroes of great enterprise and valor,  
Turn pale and sickly at bare sight of medicine.  
Whilst women, weak and delicate of frame,  
Shrink not at operations slow and dreadful.

## THE DEATH OF JANE.

DEAD war with fury burst aloud,  
And thunders shook the skies in vain;  
Grim Death with pleasure view'd the crowd  
That hurried to his darken'd plain.

Young Eugene, with a manly glow,  
His bosom fill'd with glory's pride,  
Rush'd boldly midst his country's foe  
The fate of battle to decide.

With uplift arm, and quick'ning pace,  
A savage enemy drew nigh;  
To sink Eugene in death's embrace,  
He wav'd his glist'ning sword on high.

Around his breast a soldier clings,  
And dauntless met the fatal blow:  
The vital stream of life's sole springs  
In copious floods began to flow.

"Oh! Eugene dear," the soldier cried,  
"May'st thou with happiness be crown'd;  
Behold your Jane, thy faithful bride!"  
Then sunk upon the crimson ground.

A livid hue o'erspread her face—  
Her faltering tongue no more could say;  
Pure angels, bright with heav'nly grace,  
Soon bore her spirit far away.

## STANZAS TO LAURA,

On observing her pleased with the atten-  
tions of a Coxcomb.

NO more I'll act the lover's part,  
And be forever true;  
Nor let my fond and foolish heart  
Forever doat on you.

Till now I thought you far above  
The follies of your sex;  
Nor ever thought you'd sport with love,  
Or seek my soul to vex.

Ah! why torment a breast like mine,  
Where tender passions glow,  
Where softest sentiments refine,  
From whence my sorrows flow?

The buzzing insects of a day,  
In gaudy colors dress,  
Will lead your virgin heart astray,  
Then wound your gentle breast.

Love is the butt of all their jests,  
And solely known by name;  
Which ever flies from scornful breasts  
That never own'd its flame.

Laura! forbear and cease to smile  
On ev'ry fool you view:  
Mere soul deceit and basest guile,  
Is what they play on you.

J. P. HACKETT.

## AN EPIGRAM.

IN the blithe days of honey moon,  
With Kate's allurements smitten,  
I lov'd her late, I lov'd her soon,  
And call'd her dearest kitten.

But now my kitten's grown a cat,  
And cross like other wives,  
Oh! by my soul, my honest Mat,  
I think she has nine lives!



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giments. Price 25 cents.

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gance to the finest set, without giving the least pain or  
incurring the slightest injury to the enamel. In the  
most raging tooth-ache he can truly say, that his Tinc-  
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tention in extracting the tooth, and indeed of decayed  
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